

There Will Be Carnage

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There Will Be Carnage

by [Melzious](#)

Summary

Tsunade explains the plight of medical-nin to her students.

Notes

Short, I know but it's something.

“There will be carnage...”

Her voice was cool, level-headed. Her eyes, though, held tales far too many in their glossy depths. Everything was still as she spoke, her blonde hair impossibly stiff despite the wind whispering outside. Her two students eagerly consumed her words like a drunkard to alcohol. But these words would bring about far greater truths than a drunken epiphany. Tsunade appraised her students carefully before continuing.

“They will be carnage,” she spoke, “in both your hands and in your minds. You will see the ones you save, the ones you did not, and the ones you never could. You will see with your eyes open. You will see with your eyes closed. You will see them.”

She paused. Sakura Haruno and Ino Yamanaka waited with bated breaths that seemed to grow shallower at every word. Tsunade’s voice was clear. “Your hands will smell of carrion, of animal blood because you could not possibly equate it to humans. She whispered, almost to herself, “You could not imagine how much blood could be in one body...”

“It will run deep under your fingernails. It will become part of you like rainwater to the soil. For a time, all you can live and breathe will be blood.”

Closing the hospital doors, Sakura let out a shaky breath. It was over, she should not be stressed. She..she should not be stressed, but all she saw were bones. He was her first patient, nothing major. She had not even seen a dead body up close...she avoided looking at Zabuza and Haku. But her patient, the one who clouded her mind so much so that she could not remember his name, he haunted her. She could see his face, skin pulled taut, and bones, so many bones. She gagged.

That night Sakura saw shapes behind her eyes. They had form, but no features.

She knew exactly who they were.

That morning, there was a vile smell that came from nowhere. That evening, she vomited when she saw her mother preparing chicken breast.

The same morning, Ino tried to eat, but she could not stop looking up. Her plate did not exist, but her parents did. It was the first meal they had eaten together in a while. But she did not eat. When she looked up, she saw skin and bones. Skin and bones. Her parents did not exist, but their flesh and bones sure did. She vomited in the bathroom, tears welling up in the corner of her eyes.

Sakura and Ino stood together; they had been silent most of the day. And that silence felt comforting and deafening at the same time. They were parallel, yet the same. Sakura and Ino felt a morbid sense of relief that they were plagued by the same ghosts. They stood in front of an old and withered grave, name long torn out by the wind. They had a bundle of flowers each, erratically chosen with care. Wildflowers had begun to weave through the cracks in the stone.

The two closed the doors of the hospital. They saw visions of skulls and bones. They felt blood writhing under their nails, burrowing impossibly deeper. They saw visions of peeling flesh, of white fat and red muscle. They saw visions of flowers and sunbeams. They saw that unmarked grave on an overcast day, sun peaking through the clouds. They looked deep into each other's eyes, breathing synced. They let a small exhale, they had seen what could be.

Somehow, war did not seem so foreign, so far away. They did not smell carrion anymore, not since a long time. They were touched by what only medical-nin could fathom. The blood under their nails felt human. It felt natural. This was how it was supposed to be.

“...there will be carnage, but you will find yourselves and each other.”

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